

THE ^K
UPHOLSTERER,

OR

What N E W S?

A

F A R C E,

In Two A C T S.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

——— *O bone (nam te*
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti? ——— HOR.

By the Author of the APPRENTICE.

G L A S G O W :

Printed in the Year MDCCLVIII.



To Mr. GARRICK.

S I R,

THE UPHOLSTERER would be a *bankrupt* even in thanks, could he think of going abroad into the world, without making his compliments to Mr. *Garrick*, for the civilities he has shewn him. Whatever figure the poor broken politician might make before the commissioners of bankruptcy at *Guild-hall*, you have taken care of his appearance before the self-chosen commissioners of criticism, at the Theatre Royal, in *Drury-Lane*.

I am not willing to flatter myself that you were drawn forth, on this occasion, by any extraordinary touches in the capital figure, or in the *Accompagnements du Tableau*. I rather suppose that you approved the justness of the design, than that you were an admirer of the colouring.

The design, Sir, was conceived and executed long since, because the author judged that something in this way might have a seasonable tendency to allay the intemperance of too violent a political spirit, or at least to laugh it into good humour: with the same view it was lately retouched, and given to Mr. *Mossop*, to be presented to the public at his benefit. And however men of a serious cast may depreciate amusements of this nature, I shall never blush for having dedicated a few hours to them, as I am of opinion that such-like avocations will more profitably unbend the mind from graver studies, than the solitary pleasures of the recluse, or any of the more open dissipations of life.

I am aware that you will, very probably, recollect a passage in a celebrated writer*, which may seem to render the scope of this little piece somewhat question-

* *Montesquieu*.

able. “ *Dans une nation libre,*” saith he, “ *Il est tres souvent indifférent que les particuliers raisonnent bien ou mal: il suffit qu’ils raisonnent: de la sort la liberté, qui garantit des effets de ces mêmes raisonnemens.*”

But you know that the question here, is not concerning the indisputable right of the people to canvass their national concerns; but the vicious excess of a propensity to politics, when it gives a wrong bias to the mind, and is attended with circumstances, which create the ridiculous absurd. In this light it was considered by Mr. Addison, who tells us in the *Tatler*, † that he designed his paper “ for the benefit of those citizens, “ who live more in a coffee-house, than in their shops, “ and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs “ of the allies, that they forget their customers.” For the very same species of people, the *Upholsterer* was brought on the stage, being perhaps as proper an object of ridicule, as modern ideas and manners will afford.

With regard to the execution, I shall not detain you any longer on that head, than to remark that to preserve the gravity, which is a specific quality in Mr. Addison’s fine vein of humour, has been my endeavour throughout the whole; though I am not insensible that grave humour is sometimes dangerous on the stage. In the principal character I considered myself rather describing a *passion* than a *man*; and this you remember is mentioned by an excellent critic, ‡ to belong to the province of farce. For this reason the UPHOLSTERER’S scenes are strongly tinged with his predominant foible; and as this foible is generally fed and inflamed by a swarm of political writers, I judged it coincident with my plan, to expose the duplicity of their conduct, by introducing the character of PAMPHLET.

This character I have had the pleasure of seeing set off with all the exquisite strokes of so fine a comic genius as Mr. GARRICK’S, without being indebted for suc-

† Vide number 155. and 160. ‡ Mr. Hurd.

cess to the aid of personal satire, having entirely levelled it against those, who are the ready mercenaries of all parties; and with all such I have the happiness not to be acquainted.

I could here enlarge in the just praise of Mr. *Woodward*, Mr. *Yates*, and Mrs. *Clive*, &c. but I have already deviated too far from the purpose, I set out with; which was not to inscribe a farce to you, for neither of us thinks so highly of these matters; nor to become your panegyrist, for your extended reputation does not stand in need of it. My intention was to embrace a public opportunity of subscribing myself,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Very humble servant,

25 AP 66

The AUTHOR.

*Lincoln's Inn,
7th April, 1758.*

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. Mossop.

WHEN first, in falling Greece's evil hour,
 Ambition aim'd at universal pow'r;
 When the fierce man of Macedon began
 Of a new monarchy to form the plan;
 Each Greek——(as sam'd Demosthenes relates)
 Politically mad!——wou'd rave of states!
 And help'd to form, where'er the mob could meet,
 An Areopagus in ev'ry street.
 What news, what news, was their eternal cry?
 Is Philip sick! *—then soar'd their spirits high,—
 Philip is well!——dejection in each eye.
 Athenian coblers join'd in deep debate,
 While gold in secret undermin'd the state;
 Till wisdom's bird the vultur's prey was made;
 And the sword gleam'd in Academus' shade.

Now modern Philips threaten this our land,
 What say Britannia's sons?——along the strand
 What news ye cry?——with the same passion smit;
 And there at least you rival Attic wit.
 A parliament of porters here shall muse
 On state affairs——“swallowing a taylor's news,”
 For ways and means no starv'd projector sleeps;
 And ev'ry shop some mighty statesman keeps;
 He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, can kill;
 Supply th' EXCHEQUER, and neglect his till.
 In ev'ry ale-house legislators meet;
 And patriots settle kingdoms in the street.

To shew this phrenzy in its genuine light,
 A modern newsmonger appears to night;

* Vide the first Philippic.

PROLOGUE.

*Trick'd out from Addison's accomplish'd page,
Behold! th' Upholsterer ascends the stage.*

*No minister such trials e'er hath stood;
He turns a BANKRUPT for the public good!
Undone himself, yet full of England's glory!
A politician!——neither whig nor tory——
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote call;
“ He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.”*

*As for the bard,——to you he yields his plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where ye can.
One only praise he claims,——no party-stroke
Here turns a public character to joke.
His Panacæa is for all degrees,
For all have more or less of this disease.
Whatever his success, of this he's sure,
There's merit even to attempt the cure.*

PROLOGUE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Quidnunc, the Upholsterer,
Pamphlet,
Razor, a barber,
Feeble,
Bellmour,
Rovewell,
Codicil, a lawyer, *
Brisk,
Watchman,

Mr. Yates.
Mr. Garrick.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Blakes.
Mr. Usher.
Mr. Palmer.
Mr. Taswell.
Mr. Vernon.
Mr. Clough.

W O M E N.

Harriet,
Termagant,
Maid to Feeble.

Mrs. Yates.
Mrs. Clive.
Mrs. Simpson.

* For the sake of Brevity, Codicil's scene is omitted in the representation, as are likewise a few passages in the second act.

25 AP 66

THE
UPHOLSTERER;

O R,

What N E W S ?

A C T I.

SCENE, BELLMOUR's lodging.

Enter BELLMOUR, beating BRISK.

BRISK.

MR. *Bellmour*,—let me die, Sir,—as I hope to be fav'd, Sir.——

Bell. Sirrah ! Rogue ! Villain !—I'll teach you, I will, you rascal, to speak irreverently of her I love.——

Brisk. As I am a sinner, Sir, I only meant——

Bell. Only meant ! You cou'd not mean it, jackanapes,—you had no meaning, booby.——

Brisk. Why, no, Sir,—that's the very thing, Sir—I had no meaning.

Bell. Then Sirrah, I'll make you know your meaning for the future.——

Brisk. Yes, Sir,—to be sure, Sir,—and yet upon my word if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you'd find I am not much to blame.—Besides master, you can't conceive the good it would do your health, if you will but keep your temper a little.——

Bell. Mighty well Sir, give your advice.

B

Brisk. Why really now this same love hath metamorphosed us both very strangely, master,—for to be free; here have we been at this work these six weeks,—stark-staring mad in love with a couple of baggages not worth a groat,—and yet heaven help us! they have as much pride as comes to the share of a lady of quality before she has been caught in the fact with a handsome young fellow,—or indeed after she has been caught for that matter. ———

Bell. You won't have done rascal. ———

Brisk. In short, my young mistress and her maid have as much pride and poverty as—as—no matter what, they have the devil and all,—when at the same time every body knows the old broken Upholsterer Miss *Harriet's* father, might give us all he has in the world, and not eat the worse pudding on a Sunday for it.

Bell. Impious, execrable atheist! What, detract from heaven! I'll reform your notions, I will, you saucy—
[beats him.]

Brisk. Nay, but my dear Sir!—a little patience,—not so hard. ———

Enter Rovewell.

Rove. *Bellmour* your servant,—what at loggerheads with my old friend *Brisk*.

Bell. Confusion! Mr. *Rovewell* your servant,—this your doing, hang dog.—*Jack Rovewell* I am glad to see thee. ———

Rove. *Brisk* used to be a good servant,—he has not been tampering with any of his master's girls, has he?

Bell. Do you know, *Rovewell*, that he has had the impudence to talk detractingly and profanely of my mistress? ———

Brisk. For which Sir, I have suffer'd inhumanly and most unchristian-like, I assure you.

Bell. Will you leave prating, booby?

Rove. Well, but *Bellmour*, where does she live?—I'm but just arriv'd you know, and I'll go and beat up her quarters. ———

Bell. [*Half aside.*] Beat up her quarters !—(*looks at him smilingly, then half aside.*)

*Favours to none ; to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

[*stands musing.*]

Rove. Hey ! What fallen into a reverie !—Prithee *Brisk* what does all this mean ?

Brisk. Why, Sir, you must know—I am over head and ears in love.—

Rove. But I mean your master ; what ails him ?

Brisk. That's the very thing I'm going to tell you Sir,—as I said, Sir,—I am over head and ears in love with a whimsical, queer kind of a piece, here in the neighbourhood, and so nothing can serve my master, but he must fall in love with her mistress,—look at him now, Sir,—

[*Bellmour continues musing and muttering to himself.*]

Rove. Ha, ha, ha,—poor *Bellmour*, I pity thee withal my heart.—

[*Strikes him on the shoulder, then ludicrously repeats.*]

*Ye Gods annihilate both space and time,—
And make two lovers happy.*—

Bell. My dear *Rovewell*, such a girl,—ten thousand *Cupids* play about her mouth, you rogue.—

Rove. Ten thousand pounds had better play about her pocket.—What fortune has she ?

Brisk. Heaven help us, not much to crack of.—

Bell. Not much to crack of Mr. *Brazen*,—prithee *Rovewell*, how can you be so ungenerous as to ask such a question ? You know I don't mind fortune, though by the way she has an uncle who is determin'd to settle very handsomely on her ; and on the strength of that, does she give herself innumerable airs.—

Rove. Fortune not to be minded !—I'll tell you what *Bellmour*, tho' you have a good one already, there's no kind of inconvenience in a little more,—I'm sure if I had not minded fortune, I might have been in *Jamaica* still, not worth a sugar-cane ; but the widow *Moloffes* took a fancy to me ;—heaven, or a worse destiny has

taken a fancy to her, and so after ten years exile, and being turn'd a-drift by my father, here am I again a warm planter, and a widower, most woefully tir'd of matrimony;—but my dear *Bellmour* we were both so overjoy'd to meet one another yesterday evening, just as I arriv'd in town, that I did not hear a syllable from you of your love fit: how, when, and where did this happen?

Bell. Oh!—by the most fortunate accident that ever was,—I'll tell thee *Rovewell*: I was going one night from the tavern about six weeks ago,—I had been there with a parcel of blades whose only joy is center'd in their bottle, and faith till this accident I was no better myself,—but ever since I am grown quite a new man.

Rove. Ay, a new man indeed!—Who in the name of wonder would take thee, sunk as thou art into a musing, moping, melancholy lover, for the gay *Charles Bellmour* whom I knew in the *West-Indies*?

Bell. Poh, that is not mentioned,—you know my father took me against my will from the university, and consigned me over to the academic discipline of a man of war; so that to prevent a dejection of spirits, I was oblig'd to run into the opposite extreme,—as you yourself were wont to do.

Rove. Why, yes, I had my moments of reflection, and was glad to dissipate them—you know I always told you there was something extraordinary in my story; and so there is still, I suppose it must be cleared up in a few days now—I'm in no hurry about it tho'; I must see the town a little this evening, and have my frolic first. But to the point *Bellmour*, you was going from the tavern you say.—

Bell. Yes, Sir, about two in the morning, and I perceiv'd an unusual blaze in the air,—I was in a rambling humour, and so resolv'd to know what it was.

Brisk. I, and my master went together Sir. —

Bell. Oh! *Rovewell*! my better stars ordain'd it to light me on to happiness;—by sure attraction led, I came to the very street where a house was on fire; water-engines playing, flames ascending, all hurry, confusion, and

distress; when on a sudden the voice of despair, Silver sweet, came thrilling down to my very heart;—poor, dear, little soul, what can she do, cried the neighbours? Again she scream'd, the fire gathering force, and gaining upon her every instant;—here ma'am said I, leap into my arms, I'll be sure to receive you;—and wou'd you think it?—down she came,—my dear *Rosewell*, such a girl!—I caught her in my arms you rogue, safe, without harm.—The dear naked *Venus*, just risen from her bed, my boy,—her slender waist *Rosewell*, the downy smoothness of her whole person, and her limbs “harmonious, “swell'd by nature's softest hand.”——

Rose. Raptures, and paradise!—What seraglio in *Covent-Garden* did you carry her to?

Bell. There again now! Do, prithee correct your way of thinking, take a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous love, and purify your ideas.—Her lovely bashfulness, her delicate fears,—her beauty heighten'd and endear'd by distress, dispers'd my wildest thoughts, and melted me into tenderness and respect.——

Rose. But *Bellmour*, surely she has not the impudence to be modest after you have had possession of her person.——

Bell. My views are honourable I assure you, Sir; but her father is so absurdly positive.—The man's distracted about the balance of power, and will give his daughter to none but a politician.—When there was an execution in his house, he thought of nothing but the camp at *Pyrna*, and now he's a bankrupt, his head runs upon ways and means, and schemes for paying off the national debt: the affairs of Europe engross all his attention, while the distresses of his lovely daughter pass unnoticed.

Rose. Ridiculous enough!—But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to bed to the wench at once?—Take her into keeping man.——

Bell. How can you talk so affrontingly of her?—Have not I told you tho' her father is ruin'd, still she has great expectancies from a rich relation!——

Rose. Then what do you stand watering at the mouth for? If she is to have money enough to pay for her

china, her gaming debts, her dogs, and her monkeys, marry her then, if you needs must be ensnar'd; be in a fool's paradise for a honey-moon, then come to yourself, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honest fellows again;—carry her off I say, and never stand whining for the father's consent.—

Bell. Carry her off!—I like the scheme,—will you assist me?

Rove. No, no, there I beg to be excus'd. Don't you remember what the satyrists says,—“ never marry while there's a halter to be had for money, or a bridge to afford a convenient leap.”

Bell. Prithee leave fooling.—

Rove. I am in serious earnest I assure you; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any scheme of frolic with you, but war matrimony.—Nay, if you'll come to the tavern this evening, I'll drink your mistress's health in a bumper; but as to your conjugal scheme, I'll have nothing to do with that business positively.—

Bell. Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and meet you at ten exactly at the same place we were at last night; then and there I'll let you know what further measures I've concerted.

Rove. Till then, farewell, *a-propos*,—do you know that I've seen none of my relations yet?

Bell. Time enough to-morrow.

Rove. Ay, ay, to-morrow will do,—well, your servant.

[*Exit Rove.*]

Bell. *Rove*, yours,—see the gentleman down stairs,—and d'ye hear, come to me into my study that I may give you a letter to *Harriet*, and hark ye, Sir,—Be sure you see *Harriet* yourself; and let me have no messages from that officious go-between, her Mrs. *Slipshod* of a maid, with her unintelligible jargon of hard words, of which she neither knows the meaning nor pronunciation.—(*Exit Brisk.*) I'll write to her this moment, acquaint her with the soft tumult of my desires, and, if possible, make her mine this very night.—

[*Exit repeating.*]

*Love first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.—*

SCENE, the Upholsterer's house.

Enter HARRIET and TERMAGANT.

TERM.

WELL, but ma'am, he has made love to you six weeks *successfully*; he has been as constant in his *Moors* poor gentleman, as if you had the *subversion* of a *State* to settle upon him—and if he slips thro' your fingers, now ma'am, you have nobody to *depute* it to but yourself.

Har. Lard Termagant, how you run on!—I tell you again and again my pride was touched, because he seem'd to presume on his opulence, and my father's distresses.

Term. La, Miss Harriet, how can you be so *paradropical* in your *'pinions*?

Har. Well, but you know tho' my father's affairs are ruin'd I am not in so desperate a way; consider, my uncle's fortune is no trifle, and I think that prospect intitles me to give myself a few airs before I resign my person.

Term. I grant ye ma'am, you have very good pretensions; but then it's waiting for dead men's shoes: I'll venture to be perjur'd Mr. Bellmour ne'er *disclaim'd* an *idear* of your father's distress—

Har. Supposing that.

Ter. Suppose ma'am—I know it *disputably* to be so.

Har. Indisputably I guess you mean;—but I'm tired of wrangling with you about words.

Term. By my troth you're in the right on't;—there's ne'er a she in all old *England*, (as your father calls it) is mistress of such *phisiology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their words together with such a *curacy* as myself. I once lived with a *Mistlus*, ma'am,—*Mistlus*,—She was a lady—a

great brewer's wife!—and she wore as fine cloaths, as any person of quality, let her get up as early as she will—and she used to call me—*Termagant*, says she,—What's the *signification* of such a word—and I always told her—I told her the *importation* of all my words, though I could not help laughing, Miss *Harriet*, to see so fine a lady such a downright *ignoramus*.

Har. Well,—but pray now *Termagant*, would you have me directly upon being asked the question, throw myself into the arms of a man?

Term. O' my conscience you did throw yourself into his arms with scarce a shift on, that's what you did.

Har. Yes, but that was a leap in the dark, when there was no time to think of it.

Term. Well, it does not signify *argifying*, I wish we were both warm in bed; you with Mr. *Bellmour*, and I with his coxcomb of a man; instead of being *manured* here with an old crazy fool—*axing* your pardon ma'am, for calling your father so—but he is a fool, and the worst of fools, with his *policies*—when his house is full of *statues* of *Bangcreffy*.

Har. It's too true *Termagant*,—yet he's my father still, and I can't help loving him.

Term. Fiddle faddle,—love him!—he's an *anecdote* against love.

Har. Hush! here he comes ———

Term. No, it's your uncle *Feeble*, poor gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *infirmaries*, to be taking such pains with a madman.

Enter Feeble.

Har. Well uncle, have you been able to console him?

Feeble. He wants no consolation child,—lack-a-day, —I'm so infirm I can hardly move.—I found him tracing in the map, prince *Charles* of *Lorraine's* passage over the *Rhine*, and comparing it with *Julius Caesar's*.

Term. An old blockhead—I've no patience with him with his fellows coming after him every hour in the day with news. Well now I wishes there was no such a

thing as a news-paper in the world, with such a pack of lies, and such a deal of *jab-jab* every day.

Feeble. Ay, there were three or four shabby fellows with him when I went into his room—I can't get him to think of appearing before the commissioners to-morrow, to disclose his effects; but I'll send my neighbour counsellor *Codicil* to him,—don't be dejected *Harriet*, my poor sister, your mother, was a good woman; I love you for her sake, child, and all I am worth, shall be yours—but I must be going,—I find myself but very ill; good night, *Harriet*, good night. [*Exit Feeble.*]

Har. You'll give me leave to see you to the door, Sir.

[*Exit Harriet.*]

Term. O' my conscience this master of mine within here, might have pick'd up his crums as well as Mr. *Feeble*, if he had any *idear* of his business, I'm sure if I had not hopes from Mr. *Feeble*, I should not tarry in this house—by my troth, if all who have nothing to say to the '*fairs* of the nation, would mind their own business, and those who should take care of our '*fairs*, would mind their business too, I fancy poor old *England* (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em—This old crazy pate within here—playing the fool—when the man is past his grand *Clytemnester*. [*Exit Termagant.*]

SCENE discovers QUIDNUNC at a table, with news papers, pamphlets, &c. all around him.

QUID.

Six and three is nine—seven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me see, 126 million—199 thousand, 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the specie? Here, here—with about 15 million in specie, all this great circulation! good, good,—why then how are we ruined?—how are we ruined?—What says the land-tax at 4 shillings in the pound, two million! now where's my new assessment?—here,—here, the 5th part of twenty, 5 in 2 I can't, but 5 in 20 (*pauses*) right, 4 times—why then upon my new assess-

ment there's 4 million—how are we ruined?—what says, malt, cyder, and mum,—eleven and carry one, naught and go 2—good, good, malt, hopes, cyder, and mum; then there's the wine licence, and the gin act—the gin act is no bad article,—if the people will shoot fire down their throats, why in a Christian country they should pay as much as possible for suicide—salt! good—sugar, very good—window lights—good again!—Stamp duty, that's not so well—it will have a bad effect upon the news-papers, and we shan't have enough of politics—but there's the lottery—where's my new scheme for a lottery?—Here it is—now for the amount of the whole—how are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought—nought and carry one ———

Enter Termagant.

Term. Sir, Sir, ———

Quid. Hold your tongue you baggage, you'll put me out—nought and carry one.

Term. Counsellor *Codicil* will be with you presently—

Quid. Prithee be quiet woman—how are we ruined?

Term. Ay, I'm *confidous* as how you may thank yourself for your own *ruination*.

Quid. Ruin the nation! hold your tongue you jade, I'm raising the supplies within the year,—how many did I carry?

Term. Yes, you've carried your pigs to a fine market ———

Quid. Get out of the room, hussy—you trollop, get out of the room ———

[*turning her out.*]

Enter Razor, with suds on his hands, &c.

Quid. Friend *Razor*? I am glad to see thee—well ha! got any news?

Razor. A budget! I left a gentleman half shaved in my shop over the way; it came into my head of a sudden, so I could not be at ease till I told you ———

Quid. That's kind, that's kind friend *Razor*—never mind the gentleman, he can wait. ———

Razor. Yes, so he can, he can wait. ———

Quid. Come, now let's hear, what is't?

Razor. I shav'd a great man's butler to day. —

Quid. Did ye?

Razor. I did.

Quid. Ay.

Razor. Very true. *(both shake their heads.)*

Quid. What did he say?

Razor. Nothing.

Quid. Hum——how did he look.

Razor. Full of thought.

Quid. Ay! full of thought——what can that mean?

Razor. It must mean something. *(Staring at each other.)*

Quid. Mayhap somebody may be going out of place.

Razor. Like enough,—there's something at the bottom, when a great man's butler looks grave, things can't hold out in this manner, master *Quidnunc*!——Kingdoms rise and fall!—luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed. *(Stares at him.)*

Quid. Pray now, friend *Razor*, do you find business as current now as before the war?

Razor. No, no I have not made a wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

Quid. That's generous, friend *Razor* —

Razor. Yes, I can't gi' my mind to any for thinking of my country, and when I was in *bedlam*, it was the same, I cou'd think of nothing else in *bedlam*, but poor old *England*, and so they said as how I was incurable for it —

Quid. S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

Razor. So they might—well, your servant, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I'll go now and shave the rest of the gentleman's face.—Poor old *England*. *(sighs and shakes his head.)*

[going.]

Quid. But hark ye, friend *Razor*, ask the gentleman if he has got any news. —

Razor. I will, I will.

Quid. And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.—

Razor. I will, I will—poor old *England*. *(going returns)* O, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I want to ask you—pray now—

Enter Termagant.

Term. Gemini! Gemini!—How can the man have so little *difference* for his customers —

Quid. I tell you, Mrs. *Malapert* —

Term. And I tell you the gentleman keeps such a bawling yonder, for shame, Mr. *Razor*—you'll be a *bankrupter* like my master, with such a house full of children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will —

Razor. I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. *Termagant* —I say Mr. *Quidnunc*, I can't sleep in my bed for thinking what will come of the protestants, if the papists should get the better in the present war. —

Quid. I'll tell you—the geographer of our coffee-house was saying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the pole, where the protestants may retire, and that the papists will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern powers hold together, and the grand *Turk* make a diversion in their favour.

Razor. That makes me easy—I'm glad the protestants will know where to go if the papists shou'd get the better (*going returns*) Oh! Mr. *Quidnunc*—hark'ye —*India* bonds are risen.

Quid. Are they—how much?

Razor. A *Jew* pedlar said in my shop as how they are risen three sixteenths —

Quid. Why then that makes some amends for the price of corn —

Razor. So it does, so it does, if they but hold up and the protestants know where to go, I shall then have a night's rest mayhap — *[Exit Razor.]*

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening wharfs at *Gibraltar* are repaired —

Term. Fiddle for your *dwarfs*, impair your ruin'd fortune, do that.

Quid. If only one ship can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it—and then, why should watering be so tedious there?

Term. Look where your daughter comes, and yet

you'll be ruining about *Give-a-halter*, while that poor thing is breaking her heart.

Enter Harriet.

Quid. It's one comfort, however, they can always have fresh provisions in the *Mediterranean*——

Har. Dear papa, what's the *Mediterranean* to people in our situation?——

Quid. The *Mediterranean* child? Why if we should lose the *Mediterranean*, we're all undone.

Har. Dear Sir, that's our misfortune—we are undone already——

Quid. No, no,—here, here child—I have raised the supplies within the year.

Term. I tell you, you're a *lunatic* man.

Quid. Yes, yes, I'm a lunatic to be sure—I tell you, *Harriet*, I have saved a great deal out of my affairs for you——

Har. For heaven's sake, Sir, don't do that—you must give up every thing, my uncle *Feeble's* lawyer will be here to talk with you about it——

Quid. Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I'm about;—you shall have my books and pamphlets, and all the manifestoes of the powers at war——

Har. And so make me a politician, Sir!——

Quid. It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats—a female *Machiavel*!—S'bodikins, you might then know as much as most people that talk in coffee-houses, and who knows but in time you might be a maid of honour, or sweeper of the mall, or——

Har. Dear Sir, don't I see what you have got by politics?

Quid. Pshaw! my country's of more consequence to me, and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your country in these worst of times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that affairs in the north, and the protestant interest begin to grow TICKLISH.

Term. And your daughter's affairs are very TICKLISH too, I'm sure.——

Har. Prithee *Termagant* ———

Term. I must speak to him—I know you are in a very TICKLISH situation, ma'am.

Quid. I tell you, you trull ———

Term. But I am *convicted* it is so—and the posture of my affairs is very TICKLISH too—and so I *imprecate* that Mr. *Bellmour* wou'd come, and, ———

Quid. Mr. *Bellmour* come! I tell you, Mrs. *Sauce-box*, that my daughter shall never be married to a man that has not better notions of the balance of power.

Term. But what *purvission* will you make for her now with your balances?

Quid. There again now!—Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the papers for a match for you, child; there's often good matches advertised in the papers—evil betide it,—evil betide it! I once thought to have struck a great stroke, that would have astonished all *Europe*,—I thought to have married my daughter to *Theodore* king of *Corsica* ———

Har. What, and have me perish in a jail, Sir?

Quid. S'bodikins my daughter would have had her corona-day;—I should have been allied to a crowned head, and been FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY OF CORSICA! — But come,—now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the Gazette comes in—I shan't sleep to night unless I see the Gazette.

Enter Codicil.

Codic. Mr. *Quidnunc* your servant—the door was open, and I entered upon the premisses—I'm just come from the hall.

Quid. S'bodikins! This man is come now to keep me at home.

Codic. Upon my word Miss *Harriet's* a very pretty young lady, as pretty a young lady as one wou'd desire to have and to hold. Ma'am your most obedient; I have drawn my friend *Feeble's* will, in which you have all his goods and chattles, lands and hereditaments.

Har. I thank you Sir, for the information ———

Codic. And I hope soon to draw your marriage settlement for my friend Mr. *Bellmour*.

Har. O lud! Sir, not a word of that before my father—I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his affairs——

Codic. Why yes, I have instructions for that purpose; Mr. *Quidnunc*, I am instructed to expound the law to you.

Quid. What, the law of nations?

Codic. I am instructed, Sir, that you're a bankrupt—*Quasi bancus ruptus*—*banque route faire*—and my instructions say further, that you are summoned to appear before the commissioners to-morrow——

Quid. That may be, Sir, but I can't go to-morrow, and so I shall send 'em word—I am to be to-morrow at *Seaughier's* coffee-house with a private committee about business of great consequence to the affairs of *Europe*——

Codic. Then, Sir, if you don't go, I must instruct you, that you'll be guilty of a felony: it will be deem'd to be done *malo animo*—it is held so in the books—and what says the statute? By the 5th *George* 2d, *Cap.* 30. Not surrendering or imbezbling is felony without benefit of clergy.

Quid. Ay,—you tell me news——

Codic. Give me leave, Sir,—I am instructed to expound the law to you; felony is thus described in the books, *Felonia*, saith *Hotoman*, *de verbis feudalibus significat capitale facinus*, a capital offence.

Quid. You tell me news, you do indeed.

Codic. It was so apprehended by the *Goths*, and the *Longobards*, and what saith Sir *Edward Coke*? *Fieri debeat felleo animo*.

Quid. You've told me news—I did not know it was felony; but if the *Flanders* mail should come in while I am there—I shall know nothing at all of it——

Codic. But why shou'd you be uneasy? *cui bono*, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *cui bono*?

Quid. Not uneasy! If the papists should beat the protestants——

Codic. But I tell you, they can get no advantage of us. The laws against the further growth of popery will secure us—there are provisos in favour of protestant purchasers under papists—10th *Geo.* I. cap. 4 and 6 *Geo.* II. cap. 5.

Quid. Ay!

Codic. And besides *popish* recusants can't carry arms, so can have no right of conquest, *vi & armis*.

Quid. That's true—that's true—I'm easier in my mind——

Codic. To be sure, what are you uneasy about? The papists can have no claim to *Silesia*——

Quid. Can't they?

Codic. No, they can set up no claim—If the queen on her marriage had put all her lands into *Hotchpot* then indeed—and it seemeth saith *Littleton*, that his word *hotchpot* is in *English* a pudding——

Quid. You reason very clearly, Mr. *Codicil*, upon the rights of the powers at war, and so now if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my affairs.

Codic. Nor does the matter rest here; for how can she set up a claim, when she has made a conveyance to the house of *Brandenburgh*? the law, Mr. *Quidnunc* is very severe against fraudulent conveyances——

Quid. S'bodikins, you have satisfied me——

Codic. Why therefore then—if he will levy fines and suffer a common recovery, he can bequeath it as he likes in *feudum simplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ses heres*.

Quid. I'm heartily glad of it,—so that with regard to my effects——

Codic. Why then suppose she was to bring it to a tryal at bar——

Quid. I say with regard to the full disclosure of my effects——

Codic. What wou'd she get by that?—it would go off upon a special pleading—and as to equity——

Quid. Pray now must I surrender my books and my pamphlets?

Codic. What wou'd equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her, he might keep her at least twenty years before a matter to settle the account —

Quid. You have made me easy about the protestants in this war, you have indeed — so that with regard to my appearing before the commissioners.

Codic. And as to the *ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that. For all tenures by *knight's service* are abolished, and the statute 12 *Char.* II. has declared all lands to be held under a *common socage*.

Quid. Pray now, Mr. *Codicil*, must not my creditors appear to prove their debts? —

Codic. Why therefore then, if they're held in *common socage*, I submit it to the court, — whether the empire can have any claim to *knight's service*; — they can't call to him for a single man for the wars. — *Unum hominem ad guerram*; — for what is *common socage*? — *Socagium idem est quod servitium socæ*, — the service of the plough.

Quid. I am ready to attend 'em — but pray now, when my certificate is signed, — it is of great consequence to me to know this. I say, Sir, when my certificate is signed, mayn't I then — hey! (*starting up*) hey! — What do I hear?

Codic. I apprehend, — I humbly conceive when your certificate is signed. —

Quid. Hold your tongue man, — did not I hear the *Gazette*?

Newsman, (*within*) Great news in the *London-Gazette*.

Quid. Yes, yes it is, — it is the *Gazette*. — *Termagant* run you jade, (*turns her out*) *Harriet* fly, it is the *Gazette*. (*turns her out*).

Codic. The law in that case Mr. *Quidnunc*, *prima facie*. —

Quid. I can't bear you, — I have not time, — *Termagant*, run, make haste. — [*stamps violently*.]

Codic. I say, Sir, it is held in the books. —

Quid. I care for no books, — I want the papers. —

(*stamping*.)

Codic. Throughout all the books, — bo! the man is

non compos, and his friends instead of a commission of bankruptcy, should take out a commission of lunacy.

[Exit Cod.]

Enter Termagant.

Term. What do you keep such a bauling for? the newsman says as how the emperor of *Moco* is dead.—

Quid. The emperor of *Morocco*!

Term. Yes, him.

Quid. My poor dear emperor of *Morocco*.

(bursts into tears.)

Term. Ah! you old don *Quicksett*!—Ma'am, ma'am,—Miss *Harriet*, go your ways into the next room, there's Mr. *Bellmour*'s man there, Mr. *Bellmour* has sent you a *billydore*.——

Har. Oh, *Termagant*, my heart is in an uproar,—I don't know what to say—where is he? let me run to him this instant.

[Exit Harriet.]

Quid. The emperor of *Morocco* had a regard for the ballance of *Europe*, (sighs) well, well, come, come, give me the paper.

Term. The newsman would not trust because you're a *bankrupter*, and so I paid two pence half penny for it.——

Quid. Let's see,——let's see.——

Term. Give me my money then——(running from him.)

Quid. Give it me this instant, you jade——(after her.)

Term. Give me my money, I say——(from him.)

Quid. I'll teach you, I will you baggage. (after her.)

Term. I won't part with it till I have my money.

(from him.)

Quid. I'll give you no money, hussy. (after her.)

Term. Your daughter shall marry Mr. *Bellmour*.

(from him.)

Quid. I'll never accede to the treaty. (after her.)

Term. Go you old fool. (from him.)

Quid. You vile minx, worse than the whore of *Babylon*.

(after her.)

Term. There, you old crack'd brain'd politic,—there's your paper for you. (throws it down, and Exit.)

Quid. (sitting down) Oh! Heavens!—I'm quite out of breath,—a jade, to keep my news from me,—what does it say? what does it say? what does it say? (*Reads very fast while opening the paper.*) “Whereas a
“commission of bankrupt is awarded and issued forth
“against *Abraham Quidnunc*, of the parish of *St. Martin's* in the fields, upholsterer, dealer and chapman, the
“said bankrupt is hereby required to surrender himself.” Po, what signifies this stuff? I don't mind myself, when the balance of power is concerned.—however, I shall be read of, in the same paper, in the *London Gazette*, by the powers abroad; together with the *Pope*, and the *French king*, and the *Mogul*, and all of 'em—good, good—very good!—here's a pow'r of news,—let me see, (*reads*) “Letters from the vice admiral, dated *Tyger off Calcutta*.”—(*mutters to himself very eagerly*), oddsheart those baggages will interrupt me, I hear their tongues a going, clack, clack, clack, I'll run in to my closet, and lock myself up.—a vixin!—a trollop,—to want money from me,—when I may have occasion to buy *The state of the sinking fund*, or *faction detected*, or *the barrier treaty*,—or,—and besides, how cou'd the jade tell but to-morrow we may have a *Gazette* extraordinary? [*Exit.*]

End of the first ACT.

ACT II.

Scene the Upholsterer's house.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

WHERE, where, where is he?—where's Mr. *Pamphlet*?—Mr. *Pamphlet*!—*Termagant*, Mr. a—*Termagant*, *Harriet*, *Termagant*, you vile minx, you saucy.

Enter Termagant.

Here's a racket indeed!

Quid. Where's Mr. Pamphlet? you baggage if he's gone ———

Term. Did not I intimidate that he's in the next room ——— why sure the man's out of his wits.

Quid. Shew him in here then—I would not miss seeing him for the discovery of the North-East passage.

Term. Go, you old Gemini Gomini of a politic.

[Exit Ter.]

Quid. Shew him in I say,—I had rather see him than the whole state of the peace at *Utrecht*, or 'the *Paris* 'a-la-main,' or the votes, or the minutes, or—here he comes—the best political writer of the age.

Enter Pamphlet.

(With a surtout coat, a muff, a long campaign wig out of curl, and a pair of black garters, buckled under the knees.)

Quid. Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you,—as glad as if you were an exprets from the *Groyn*, or from *Berlin*, or from *Zell*, or from *Calcutta* over land, or from ———

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, your servant,—I'm come from a place of great importance. ———

Quid. Look ye there now?—well, where, where?

Pamph. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the door,—now, now, where do you come from?

Pamph. From the court of requests.

(laying aside his surtout coat.)

Quid. The court of requests, *(whispers)* are they up?

Pamph. Hot work ———

Quid. Debates arising may be.

Pamph. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pamph. Can't say, ———

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pamph. I went in hopes of being taken up. ———

Quid. Lookye there now. *(shaking his head)*

Pamph. I've been aiming at it these three years.—

Quid. Indeed! (*staring at him.*)

Pamph. Indeed,—sedition is the only thing an author can live by now,—time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake; or live upon a jail distemper; or dine upon a bloody murder;—but now that's all over,—nothing will do now but roasting a minister—or telling the people that they are ruined—the people of *England* are never so happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined—I have a scheme for paying off the national debt.

Pamph. Let's see, let's see (*puts on his spectacles*) well enough! well imagined,—a new thought this—I must make this my own, (*aside*) silly, futile, absurd.—abominable, this will never do—I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you—now look ye here—I'll shew you a scheme (*rummaging his pockets*) no that's not it—that's my conduct of the ministry, by a country gentleman—I prov'd the nation undone here, this sold hugely,—and here now—here's my answer to it, by a noble lord;—this did not move among the trade. ———

Quid. What, do you write on both sides?

Pamph. Yes, both sides,—I've two hands Mr. *Quidnunc*,—always impartial,—*Ambo dexter*—now here, here's my dedication to a great man—touch'd twenty for this—and here—here's my libel upon him———

Quid. What, after being obliged to him?

Pamph. Yes, for that reason,—it excites curiosity—white wash and blacking-ball Mr. *Quidnunc!* *in utrumque paratus*,—no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this pocket?

(*prying eagerly.*)

Pamph. That's my account with *Jacob Zorobable*, the Broker, for writing paragraphs to raise or tumble the stocks, or the price of lottery tickets, according to his purposes.

Quid. Ay, how do you do that?

Pamph. As thus,—to day the protestant interest declines, *Madrafs* is taken, and *England's* undone; then all the long faces in the alley look as dismal as a blank, and so *Jacob* buys away and thrives upon our ruin.—Then to-morrow, we're all alive and merry again, *Pondicherry's* taken; a certain northern potentate will shortly strike a blow, to astonish all *Europe*, and then every true born *Englishman* is willing to buy a lottery ticket for twenty or thirty shillings more than it's worth; so *Jacob* sells away, and reaps the fruits of our success.

Quid. What, and will the people believe that now?

Pamph. Believe it!—believe any thing,—no swallow like a true born *Englishman's*—a man in a quart-bottle, or a victory, it's all one to them,—they give a gulp,—and down it goes—glib, glib.——

Quid. Yes, but they an't at the bottom of things?—

Pamph. No, not they, they dabble a little, but can't dive——

Quid. Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you think of our situation?

Pamph. Bad, Sir, bad,—and how can it be better?—the people in power never send to me,—never consult me,—it must be bad——Now here, here, (*goes to his loose coat*) here's a manuscript!—this will do the business, a master-piece,—I shall be taken up for this.——

Quid. Shall ye?

Pamph. As sure as a gun I shall,—I know the book-feller's a rogue, and will give me up.

Quid. But pray now what shall you get by being taken up?

Pamph. I'll tell you—(*whispers*) in order to make me hold my tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

Pamph. Po, po, not a jot of that,—abuse 'em the next day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you success,—but do you hear no news? have you seen the *Gazette*?

Pamph. Yes, I've seen that,—great news, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—but harkye!—(*whispers*) and kifs hands next week.

Quid. Ay!

Pamph. Certain.

Quid. Nothing permanent in this world.—

Pamph. All is vanity.—

Quid. Ups and downs.—

Pamph. Ins and outs.—

Quid. Wheels within wheels.—

Pamph. No smoak without fire.

Quid. All's well that ends well.

Pamph. It will last our time.

Quid. Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the matter.

Pamph. Time will tell all.

Quid. Ay, we must leave all to the determination of time. Mr. *Pamphlet*, I'm heartily obliged to you for this visit—I love you better than any man in *England*.

Pamph. And for my part Mr. *Quidnunc*,—I love you better than I do *England* itself.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind,—there's nothing I wou'd not do Mr. *Pamphlet*, to serve you.

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, I know you're a man of integrity and honour,—I know you are,—and now since we have open'd our hearts, there is a thing Mr. *Quidnunc*, in which you can serve me,—you know, Sir,—this is in the fullness of our hearts,—you know you have my note for a trifle,—hard dealing with assignees,—now, could not you to serve a friend, cou'd not you throw that note into the fire?

Quid. Hey! but would that be honest?

Pamph. Leave that to me, a refin'd stroke of policy,—papers have been destroy'd in all governments.

Quid. So they have,—it shall be done, it will be political, it will indeed.—Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you take to be the true political balance of power?

Pamph. What do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. Ay, the balance of power.

Each in deep thought without looking at the other.

Pamph. The balance of power is,—what do I take to be the balance of power,—the balance of power (*shuts his eyes*) what do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. The balance of power, I take to be, when the court of aldermen sits.

Pamph. No, no,——

Quid. Yes, yes.——

Pamph. No, no, the balance of power is when the foundations of government and the superstructures are natural.

Quid. How d'ye mean natural?

Pamph. Prithee be quiet man—this is the language.—The balance of power is—when the superstructures are reduc'd to proper balances, or when the balances are not reduc'd to unnatural superstructures.

Quid. Po, po, I tell you it is when the fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demolish'd.——

Pamph. But I tell you Mr. *Quidnunc*.——

Quid. I say Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

Pamph. Hear me Mr. *Quidnunc*.

Quid. Give me leave Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

Pamph. I must observe, Sir.——

Quid. I am convinc'd, Sir.——

Pamph. That the balance of power.——

Quid. That the fortifications at *Dunquerque*.

Pamph. Depends upon the balances, and superstructures.——

Quid. Constitute the true political equilibrium.——

Pamph. Nor will I converse with a man.——

Quid. And Sir, I never desire to see your face.——

Pamph. Of such anti-constitutional principles.——

Quid. Nor the face of any man who is such a *Frenchman* in his heart, and has such notions of the balance of power. [Exeunt.]

Quidnunc, (Re-enters.) Ay, I've found him out,—such abominable principles, I never desire to converse with any man of his notions,—no, never while I live.—

Re-enter Pamphlet.

Pamph. Mr. *Quidnunc*, one word with you if you please.

Both in a passion.

Quid. Sir, I never desire to see your face.——

Pamph. My property, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—I shan't leave my property in the house of a bankrupt, (*twisting his handkerchief round his arm*) a silly, empty, incomprehensible blockhead.

Quid. Blockhead! Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

Pamph. A blockhead to use me thus, when I have you so much in my power.——

Quid. In your power!

Pamph. In my power, Sir,—it's in my power to hang you.

Quid. To hang me!

Pamph. Yes, Sir; to hang you—(*drawing on his coat*) did not you propose, but this moment, did not you desire me to combine and confederate to burn a note, and defraud your creditors——

Quid. I desire it!

Pamph. Yes, Mr. *Quidnunc*, but I shall detect you to the world. I'll give your character.——You shall have a six-penny touch next week.

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. [*Exit Pamphlet.*]

Quid. Mercy on me, there's the effect of his anticonstitutional principles.——The spirit of his whole party, I never desire to exchange another word with him.

Enter Termagant.

Term. Here's a pothor indeed!—did you call me?

Quid. No, you trollop, no.——

Term. Will you go to bed?

Quid. No, no, no, no,——I tell you, no.

Term. Better to go to rest, Sir;—I heard a doctor of physick say as how, when a man is past his grand CRIME, —what the *deuce* makes me forget my word?—his grand CRIME-HYSTERIC, nothing is so good against *indiscompositions* as rest taken in its *prudish natalibus*.——

Quid. Hold your prating,—I'll not go to bed, I'll step to my brother *Feeble*, I want to have some talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit Quidnunc.*]

Term. Go thy ways for an old *hocus pocus* of a news-monger——You'll have good luck if you find your

daughter here when you come back, Mr. *Bellmour* will be here in the intrim, and if he does not carry her off, why then I shall think him a mere *shilly shally feller*; and by my troth I shall think him as bad a *politishin* as yourself.—Well, as I live and breath, I wonders what the *dickens* the man sees in these news-papers to be for ever *toxicated* with them—let me see one of them, to try if I can *vestigate* any thing—(*takes the news-paper and reads.*)

“Yesterday at noon arrived at his lodgings in *Pall-Mall*, *John Stukely*, Esq; for the remainder of the “winter season.”——

Where the *dewil* has the man been?—who knows him, or cares a minikin pin about him?—He may go to *Jericho* for what I cares.——

“The same day, Mr. *William Tabby*, an eminent “man-milliner was married to Miss *Jenkins*, daughter “of Mr. *Jenkins*, a considerable *Harberdasher* in Bear- “binder lane.”——

What the *dickins* is this to me?—can’t Miss *Jenkins* and her man-milliner go to bed, and hold their tongues?—why must they kiss and tell?

“By advices from *Violen*na—this is *policies* now—(*reads to herself*)—“and promises a general peace.”—Why can’t that make the old curmudgeon happy?—

“By letters from *Paris*”—this is more *policies*—(*reads to herself*) “and all seems tending to a general “rupture.”—What the *dewil* does the *feller* mean?—Did not he tell me this moment there was to be peace, and now it’s bloody news again—to go to tell me such an impudent lie to my face!

“At the academy in *Essex-street*, grown people are “taught to *dance*.——

Grown people are taught to dance—I likes that well enough—I should like to be *betterer* in my dancing—I like the *figerre* of a *minute* as well as a *figerre* in speech—(*dances and sings*) but such *trumptry* as the news is, with kings, and cheesemongers, and bishops, and *high-wayman*, and ladies prayer-books, and lap-dogs, and

the *domodary* and *camomile*, and ambassadors, and hair-cutters, all *higgledy piggledy* together—As I hope for *marcy* I'll never read another paper—and I wishes old *Quidnunc* would do the same—if the man would do as I do, there would be some sense in it,—if instead of his policies, he would *manure* his mind like me, and read good *altars*, and improve himself in fine *languidge*, and *bombast*, and *polite accollishments*.—— [Exit singing.

SCENE the street.

Enter BELLMOUR, ROVEWELL and BRISK, in liquor.

BRISK.

Women ever were, and ever will be fantastick beings, vain, capricious, and fond of mischief.——

Brisk. Well argued, master.

Rovewell (sings.)

Deceit is in every woman,

But none in a bumper can be my brave boys,

But none in a bumper can be.

Bell. To be insulted thus, with such a contemptuous answer to a message of such tender import, she might methinks at least have treated me with good manners, if not with a more grateful return.——

Rove. Split her manners, let's go and drink t'other bumper to drown sorrow.

Bell. I'll shake off her fetters,—I will *Brisk*, this very night I will.——

Brisk. That's right master, and let her know we have found her out, and as the poet says,

' *She that will not when she may,*

' *When she will, she shall have nay,* master.

Bell. Very true *Brisk*, very true,—the ingratitude of it touches to the quick,—my dear *Rovewell*, only come and see me take a final leave.——

Rove. No truly, not I, none of your virtuous minxes for me, I'll set you down there, if you've a mind to play the fool.—I know she'll melt you with a tear, and

make a puppy of you with a smile, and so I'll not be witness to it.

Bell. You're quite mistaken, I assure you,—you'll see me most manfully upbraid her with her ingratitude, and with more joy than a fugitive galley slave, escape from the oar, to which I have been chain'd.—

Brisk. Master, master, now's our time, for look by the glimmering of yonder lamp, who comes along by the wall there. —

Bell. Her father, by all that's lucky,—my dear *Rove*—well let's drive off.

Rove. I'll speak to him for you, man —

Bell. Not for the world—prithee come along—[*Exe.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, with a dark lanthorn.

Quid. If the grand *Turk* should actually commence open hostility, and the *house-bug Tartars* make a diversion upon the frontiers, why then it's my opinion—time will discover to us a great deal more of the matter.

Watch. (*Within.*) Past eleven o'clock, a cloudy night,

Quid. Hey! past eleven o'clock,—'sbodikins, my brother *Feeble* will be gone to bed,—but he shan't sleep till I have some chat with him,—hark'ye watchman, watchman.

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Call master.

Quid. Ay, step hither, step hither,—have you heard any news?

Watch. News, master!

Quid. Ay, about the *Prussians* or the *Russians*?

Watch. *Russians*, master.

Quid. Yes, or the movements in *Pomerania*?

Watch. La, master, I knows nothing—poor gentleman (*pointing to his head.*) Good night to you master—past eleven o'clock. [Exit Watchman]

Quid. That man now has a place under the government, and he won't speak. But I'm losing time (*knocking at the door.*) hazy weather (*looking up*) The wind's fix'd in that quarter, and we shan't have any mails this week to come,—come about good wind, do, come about.

Enter a servant Maid.

Maid. La, Sir, is it you?

Quid. Is your master at home, child?

Maid. Gone to bed, Sir.

Quid. Well, well, I'll step up to him.

Maid. Must not disturb him for the world, Sir.——

Quid. Business of the utmost importance.——

Maid. Pray consider, Sir, my master an't well.——

Quid. Prithee, be quiet woman; I must see him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a room in FEEBLE's house.

Enter FEEBLE, in his night-gown.

FEEB.

I was just stepping into bed;—bless my heart what can this man want?—I know his voice,—I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

Quid. Hold your tongue you foolish hussy,—he'll be glad to see me.—brother *Feeble*,—brother *Feeble*, (*within.*)

Feeb. What can be the matter?

Enter Quidnunc.

Quid. Brother *Feeble*, I give you joy,—the *Nabob's* demolish'd, (*sings*) Britons strike home, revenge, &c.

Feeb. Lackaday, Mr. *Quidnunc*, how can you serve me thus?

Quid. *Suraja Dowla* is no more.

Feeb. Poor man! he's stark staring mad——

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodg'd the enemy from the octagon, and the counterscarp, and the bunglo.——

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning,—oh! I'm ready to die.

Quid. Odsheart man be of good cheer,—the new nabob, *Jaffier Ally Cawn*, has acceded to a treaty; and the *English* company have got all their rights in the *Phirmaud* and the *Hushbulhoorums*.

Feeb. But dear heart Mr. *Quidnunc*, why am I to be disturb'd for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four Gaul walls, and two Zemidars. (*sings*) *Britons never shall be slaves.*

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your windows man, light up your windows, *Chandernagore* is taken.

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—good night. (*going.*)

Quid. Here, here's the *Gazette*. —

Feeb. Oh, I shall certainly faint. (*sits down.*)

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you, (*reads*) nay, don't run away—I've more news to tell you, there's an account from *Williamsburg* in *America*. —the superintendant of *Indian* affairs —

Feeb. Dear Sir, dear Sir,—(*avoiding him.*)

Quid. Has settled matters with the *Cherokees*—

(*following him*)

Feeb. Enough, enough,—(*from him*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the *Catabaws*. —

(*after him*)

Feeb. Well, well, your servant.—(*from him*)

Quid. So that the back inhabitants—(*after him*)

Feeb. I wish you'd let me be a quiet inhabitant in my own house.—

Quid. So that the back inhabitants will now be secur'd by the *Cherokees* and *Catabaws*. —

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the commissioners. —

Quid. Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house. —

Feeb. Do so, do so —

Quid. (*Returning*) Mr. *Feeble*,—I had a dispute about the balance of power,—pray now can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter —

Quid. Well, another time will do for that—I have a great deal to say about that (*going returns*) right, I had like to have forgot, there's an erratum in the last *Gazette*. —

Feeb. With all my heart —

Quid. Page 3d, line 1, col. 1st, and 3d,* for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will —

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know, — well, now your servant. If I hear any more news I'll come and tell you —

Feeb. For heaven's sake, no more —

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep —

Feeb. Good-night, good-night — (*Runs off.*)

Quid. I forgot to tell you — the emperor of *Morocco* is dead — (*bawling after him*) so — now I've made him happy — I'll go and knock up my friend *Razor*, and make him happy too; — and then I'll go and see if any body's up at the coffee-houses, — and make them all happy there too. — [*Exit Quidnunc.*]

SCENE, the UPHOLSTERER'S house.

Enter HARRIET and BELLMOUR.

HAR.

Mr. *Bellmour*, pray Sir, — I desire, Sir, you'll not follow me from room to room —

Bell. Indulge me but a moment —

Har. No, Mr. *Bellmour*, I've seen too much of your temper, I'm touch'd beyond all enduring by your unmanly treatment.

Bell. Unmanly, madam !

Har. Unmanly, Sir, — to presume upon the misfortunes of my family, and insult me with the formidable menaces, that, "truly you have done; you'll be no more a slave to me." Oh fy, Mr. *Bellmour*, I did not think a gentleman capable of it —

Bell. But you won't consider —

Har. Sir, I wou'd have Mr. *Bellmour* to understand, that though my father's circumstances are embarrassed, I

have still an uncle, who can, and will, place me in a state of affluence, in which, Sir, your declarations —

Bell. But, my dear ma'am —

Har. And take this too with you, Sir, that I have spirit enough to resent an indelicacy, nor will I bear ill usage from any man in *England*.

[*Exit slapping the door after her.*]

Bell. Well, but my dear *Harriet*, hear me but a moment—'tis mighty well, you have freed me from your chains, I assure you—your business is done with me, I promise you—and so adieu to this house for ever—(*going returns*) methinks, though we might part upon gentler terms—perverse and obstinate!—ay, it's all her own fault. To treat me thus when she knew my heart was fixed upon her! Her eternal coquetting—her haughty airs, her tormenting me with continual jealousy—her—her—her lovely eyes—her shape—her mien—her delicate sensibility—her—hey!—what the duce am I at? a downright amorous puppy, by *Jupiter*?—I was running over a list of her faults, and I find myself gloating on her perfections—she's a sweet girl, that's the truth of it (*knocks at the door*) *Harriet, Harriet*—will you open the door?—I intreat you do it—on my knees I beg it—(*kneels*)—will you?—sdeath! what a sneaking rascal am I?—I'll cringe and whine no more (*going returns, knocks again*) will you open it?—very well, ma'am, it's very well—damnation— [*Exit Bellmour.*]

Enter Harriet.

Har. Bless my heart—what have I done!—I hope he is not gone, a barbarous man, to go so easily when he ought to take no denial, but lie on the ground still imploring and beseeching,—as I am a living soul, here he comes again.

[*Exit Harriet and shuts the door.*]

Enter Bellmour.

Bell. No, she won't open it—I must not go in this manner—(*goes and peeps thro' the key-hole*) poor, dear, lovely angel! By heaven, she's bath'd in tears (*knocks*) *Harriet, Harriet*—won't you open the door? I shan't stir from this spot unless you open it—

Enter Harriet.

Har. Mr. *Bellmour*, I wonder at you, Sir—upon my word, Sir, your visit becomes troublesome at this time of night.

Bell. My dearest *Harriet*, they were hasty words, and if you will only consider the provocation I had—

Har. The provocation, Mr. *Bellmour*!

Bell. I'll leave it to yourself—was this an answer to a message so fondly passionate as mine—look at it yourself and judge—

Har. This card, Sir!—this is my maid's writing—

Bell. Yes ma'am!—I know it is—and that's the very circumstance that aggravates—I thought at least my letter deserved an answer from yourself, without making your maid affront me—my doom I might at least expect from a more delicate hand—from that hand—whose touch I once could buy with life itself—

Har. Well, Mr. *Bellmour*, I now must both pity and laugh at you—this card, Sir, was never sent by me—

Bell. No, ma'am! here *Brisk*, *Brisk*—this is some of that hang-dog's doings—*Brisk*—

Enter Brisk and Termagant.

Brisk. Did you call, Sir?

Bell. Did not you deliver me this card, Sir?

Brisk. That card, Sir?—yes, Sir,—I deliver'd that card, Sir—what can be the matter now (*aside*)

Term. And ma'am I'll be *perjur'd* that I deliver'd him the same *inviduous* article of matter you gave me—

Har. And is Mr. *Bellmour* so blind that he can't see through this? Pray *Termagant*, did not you write a card to *Brisk*?

Term. Why really ma'am, I've as little *antipathy* for fellers as the best she in *England*, but I must confess, ma'am, I did *invite* a line to him—for there has been a 'moor between us, ma'am, that I won't go to deny—I must needs *gainsay* it,—if a man is *disaffections* of me, ma'am, I'm sure I'm not to blame, if I have a little *sympathy* for him—I have not put my name to it, ma'am, though it is not quite a *synonymous* letter neither—

I put the first names that *accrued* to me, ma'am—they are the same *fistations* names Mr. *Bellmour* and you have made use of—

Har. Why so I see, *Termagant*, and a curious billet-doux it is, (*reads*) “*Sigismondays* compliments waits “on Mr. *Tankard*, she is full of *mazement*, how he can “give himself such an *attitude* in his ‘*moors*—she knows “her own *demeritis* better than to be concerned with one “who is a *nanny-goat* against love, and this is her last “*irresolution*.”—And could Mr. *Bellmour* imagine this was intended for him, by me?

Bell. Death and confusion!—What cou’d I think, ma’am? Blockhead, rascal!— (*to his man*.)

Brisk. Sir!

Bell. How dare you, Sirrah, give me this scrawl?

Brisk. Sir!

Term. That’s my *billydore* to him, sure enough.

Brisk. Upon my life, Sir—

Bell. Where’s the other card, rascal?

Brisk. Upon my soul, Sir, I meant no harm—Sir,—here it is, Sir,—take this Sir,—master, (*in a low voice*) you know I can’t read?—Pray Sir, don’t expose me.

Bell. And must I be made unhappy, rascal, because you can’t read?—

Term. Not able to read!—the fine Mr. *Brisk* not able to read—ha, ha, ha,—well, for my part, I despise a man that is not a *schollard* and illiterate.

Brisk. Pox take it, it must come out—why, Sir, that’s my misfortune—I cou’d not read, Sir, and I put one in this pocket, and one in this, and then, Sir, I did not know which was which—but you’re very welcome, Sir, if you like that better—

Bell. (*reads*) “To a love so delicate of sentiment, it “were stupidity to remain any longer insensible; and “it would be an inexcusable prudery to conceal the “tenderness of desire with which my heart has long “fluttered to resign itself to such truth and constancy.” My dear *Harriet*, on my knees I beg forgiveness for the blindness of my passion,—(*kneels*) and intreat you suffer

me to convey you hence far from your father's roof,—where we may join at length in those bonds of happiness, of which we have long cherish'd the lov'd idea. What say you, *Harriet*?

Har. I don't know what to say—my heart's at my very mouth—why don't you take me then?

Enter Quidnunc.

Quid. Fy upon it, fy upon it—all the coffee-houses shut up—how cou'd they shut up so soon when they had such great news—hey! what the duce have we here! The enemy in our very camp!

Har. O lud! What's to be done now?

Bell. Don't be frighten'd *Harriet*,—I'll amuse him with a piece of news—

Quid. Pray, Sir, what are you doing here in my house?

Bell. Pray, Sir, have you heard the news?

Quid. Is there any news, Sir?

Bell. Very great.

Quid. Let's hear, let's hear, let's hear, get out of the room you baggages,—get you into your closet *Harriet*,—and get you down stairs you baggage, and let me hear the news, (*turns her out*) well, well.

Bell. I'll tell you, Sir,—the consumers of oats are to meet next week.

Quid. The consumers of oats!

Bell. The consumers of oats, Sir,—I came on purpose to tell you.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind,—what can it be upon? does nothing transpire?

Bell. A profound secret. —

Quid. Ay, and so it has been for twenty years, the consumers of oats have been meeting any time these twenty years to my knowlege, and I could never learn what they are about,—their negotiations I believe must be left to the determination of time. —

Bell. Their meeting is occasioned by an express from the *Houyhnhims*.

Quid. From where?

Bell. From the *Houyhnhims*. —

Quid. The *humming hymus*!—fy upon it, why do I ever go without *Salmon's Gazetteer* in my pocket.—I'll step for the map, and see where the place lies,—I'm never happy till I know the latitude and longitude. [*Exit Quid.*]

Bell. You're right Sir, Geography is necessary, (*runs to the closet door.*) *Harriet, Harriet*,—my dear *Harriet* open the door, now is the time.

Enter Harriet.

Har. Bless me, Mr. *Bellmour*,—what's the matter?

Bell. Away with scruples, fortune has given this moment, and you must depend on my love and my honour. I've a licence in my pocket, and I'll marry you to-morrow morning, by heavens I will.

Har. What shall I do? I must trust you. (*a loud rap at the door*) Dear heart, what can all this mean?

Bell. Never mind it, but let us fly hence immediately.
(*another rap*)

Enter Quidnunc.

Quid. Hey! what's all this knocking—mayhap a waiter from the coffee-house, with some news.

Bell. My evil genius is at work this night, and all is marr'd again. [*aside.*]

Enter Termagant.

Term. O gimini gimini! I am all over in such a *flustration*—

Quid. What's the matter woman, any thing new?

Term. A *rioghteous* gentle quite *inoculated* with liquor, knocks at the street door, and *axes* me to *except* of a glass of *wind*,—at which I grew quite vex'd and *pussillanimous*—*prithee* feller, says I, we don't want your company, and so be a little more *adjacent* friend—whereof I was seized with a *panegyric*, and I had *divorce* to my heels, and I ran up stairs as *dilatory* as I could, and he's coming after me.

Bell. I'll have him sent to the round-house,—call in the watch.

Quid. Do so, I'll go and charge him,—mayhap we may meet a parliament man in the round-house to tell us some news.

Enter Rovewell drunk.

Rove. Get me a bowl of rack, and let the bed be well air'd—I say I will have a girl——

Bell. (draws) Let me come at him,—hey! who the devil have we here?——*Jack Rovewell*, zounds man, what brings you here?

Rove. Who the devil thought to ha' seen you here? I was upon the look-out for game ever since I saw you, and I have just sprung it,—I'll have her by *Jupiter*.—

Bell. Zookers, Sir, if you wou'd not be of service to me, why wou'd you not keep out of the way?

Rove. This seems to be but an odd sort of a bagnio we have got into here——

Quid. What does he call my house a bagnio?

Term. I wishes as how you would take him away—the great he man! my flesh creeps at the very sight of him—I believes as sure as any thing, as how he's a *highwayman*, and that as how it was he that robbed the *Mail-bags*.—

Quid. Ay, what rob a mail, and stop all the news,—a vile fellow away with him.—a man capable of robbing a mail, wou'd not scruple to rob a church.——

Bell. Hold a moment, I know the gentleman, he's only a little in liquor,—zounds *Rovewell*, you've marr'd all my schemes with your damn'd doings.——

Rove. *Bellmour's* girl, by *Jupiter (aside)* I say you shan't marry her,—and I tell you Mr. *Curmudgeon*, (*going to Quidnunc*) give me leave to tell you old Mr. *Dry-beard*,—hey! (*stops and looks at him*) hey! (*turns from him*) my old reverend father, by my filial duty—what the devil shall I do now? egad I'm not so drunk as I thought I was, he little expects to see me, and I'll go thro' with my frolic. This is no proper opportunity,—I say again you shan't marry her,—my sister as sure as a gun, (*aside*) I'll see it out—I say you shan't marry her.

Term. What the *deevil* do you let him tarry for?—I wishes he was out of my sight, and a little more *contiguous* from me.——

Quid. Away with him,—but search him first, perhaps

he has some of the letters belonging to the mail in his pocket now. ———

Rove. I'll let 'em search me, and then all will come out. ———

Quid. Let me see, mayhap there may be some news at least—ay, here's bank notes,—and here's letters too—what's this? “To Mr. *Abraham Quidnunc*, upholsterer, “in the *Strand*.” I did live in the Strand some ten years ago.—sure this is to me—let's see what it is:—hey! what's this? (*reads*) honoured father;—how is it signed,—
your dutiful son,

John Quidnunc.

What can this mean?—What's your name friend?

Rove. *Jack Quidnunc*, is my name.

Bell. Your name *Jack Quidnunc*? (*to Rowewell.*)

Rove. Yes, my name,—faith this business begins to make me sober, I think—*Quidnunc* is my name *Bellmour*; and *Rowewell* was but assum'd—that letter I wrote, Sir, to inform you of my arrival, and to let you know that I should pay my respects to you to-morrow morning—but faith, Sir, in my hurry of spirits, I forgot to send it.—

Quid. What! and are you return'd from the *West Indies*?

Rove. From *Jamaica*, Sir, the owner of a rich plantation ———

Quid. What, by studying politics ———

Rove. No, Sir, by a rich wife, you shall know all hereafter ———

Quid. S'bodikins, I recollect his face--it is he sure enough—why there has not been a word of this in the papers.

Rove. It's even so, notwithstanding, Sir.—Upon my soul, this affair has compos'd me strangely. Thus give me leave, Sir, to attest at once my duty and my joy. (*kneels.*)

Quid. Why, you have my blessing, boy, I am heartily glad to see thee—I did not know you again, you're in such a kind of disguise—mayhap now, you can tell—why you look very well—I'm glad to see thee, *Jack*, I am indeed—pray now—mayhap, I say, you can tell what the *Spaniards* are doing in the bay of *Honduras*?

Rove. All in good time, Sir,—my dear *Bellmour* I

must embrace you, faith the whimsicalness of my fortune had like to bring about an odd kind of an adventure,—and make me rob my father of his daughter, my friend of his mistress, and go to bed to—my dear sister, whom I left a prattling infant, when I went out of *England*,—I must embrace you.

Har. Tho' your departure from *England* was too early for my recollection, yet my heart feels a ready inclination to make acquaintance with you; and I shall ever bless the hour that has given to my father so good a son, to Mr. *Bellmour* so warm a friend, and to me the unexpected happiness of a brother, whom I despair'd of ever seeing.——

Quid. Pray now *Jack*, how many ships of the line has the admiral with him?—*a-propos*, that may be in your letter.—Let me read it.——

Rove. You may spare yourself that trouble,—it was but to acquaint you with what I shall now tell you in person, that since I find you are become a voluntary statesman, I have a fortune sufficient to support you in the study of politics for the rest of your life.——

Quid. Have you?—What, and shall I have every thing that comes out?

Rove. Every thing, Sir,——

Bell. And Sir, an apartment at my house in the country you shall ever command.——

Quid. No, no, I can't go to the country,—that is not the scene of action.——

Bell. You shall have all the papers down there.——

Quid. Shall I,—but are there any coffee-houses in your neighbourhood in the country?

Bell. Several!

Quid. And are there any politicians there?

Bell. Swarms of 'em, there's the curate, and the justice of the *quorum*, and an exciseman, and a yellow admiral, and an attorney, and——

Quid. Ay!—why then that will do—that will do—(*going returns*) but d'ye hear—I won't go into the country till the house is adjourn'd.

Rove. Even as you please, Sir—and in the mean time the greatest favour you can confer upon me, is to give away this lady to my friend *Bellmour* —

Quid. Why, since I find he knows so much of the matter, I could find it in my heart to accede to the treaty; here, here, take her—but should not all this be in the papers?—I'll go and tell 'em the news myself.

[Exit Quidnunc.]

Term. (Looking earnestly at *Rovewell*) My stars and garters! what a sudden *evolution* here is in things? *fakins*, now I looks at him again, I does not believe he is a *highwarman*—by my troth, the young gentleman has a *jen scai* about him that I likes well enough, and I could find it in my heart to make him an *advowson* of my love, and *calcine* my person to him.

Rove. *Prithee, Bellmour*, how long has my father had this turn?

Har. Since the last rebellion; since which there has not been an affair of any importance in *Europe* but he has taken a considerable share in it—while his own affairs have been mouldering into ruin. —

Bell. But henceforward all volunteers in politics should take warning from his example, before they concern themselves about the balance of *Europe*, to have some care of the balance of their accounts. The first step towards being a good citizen, is to be a good man, and to act with propriety in the various relations of life—and if every one in the kingdom would resolve upon the same, the nation in general would soon feel the benefit of it.

*Then shou'd not sigh the statesman of Cheapside,
For Poland's queen—while he neglects his bride;
Then needy shopkeepers no more should meet,
To roast a minister—yet want to eat;
Nor shou'd th' upholst'rer slight his daughter's cause,
For Nabobs, Cherokees, and Catabaws:
But virtue then, the state's enliv'ning soul,
Should rise from individuals to the whole,
The balanc'd passions due proportion bear,
And every Harriet find a father's care.*

F I N I S.

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